

by her fidelity toward Naomi, her unselfishness, her youth and beauty, winning the affections of the wealthy Boaz.

As I was endeavoring to expound the result of the preceding scenes, I looked, and lo! I saw a shining light and beheld our Lord Jesus Christ. With him were Ruth and Boaz, the ancestors of our Savior. O, who would not have sacrificed what Ruth did to receive such a reward!

All hail the noble Ruth! Her praises have been sung for hundreds of years, and will continue to be for centuries to come.

Ashland, Ohio.

HOW ARE WE BUILDING?

BY L. G. WOOD.

In the life that we now live, we are building every day. We cannot even exist without shaping a structure, which is for our future. Heaven is not reached by a single bound; step by step must we ascend. Every good deed, every kind word, is a step toward God; and if we will submit the entire life to God, kind and noble deeds will be found all along our way and will always be felt by those by whom we are surrounded. And thus we are building for our great Master Builder, and upon his foundation. Christ is our example of a noble character. To be a Christian is to be Christ-like, doing good to all, which will lift the soul from the common cloud to a purer air and broader view.

A good deed is not good except it be prompted by a pure motive. Sometimes we may mount the air on wings beyond the reach of anything that is impure while our feet may still be in the mire and clay. Our feet must be placed upon the rock or we fall again.

Christ will give us pure motives which will prompt pure actions. We cannot grow into Christ by good works; we cannot build a temple for the Lord without his instruction in our hearts. By having Christ and following him we may mould a character which will honor God and his cause.

May God help us to build aright, shape our own lives by his word as the only perfect rule of faith and practice and meet often with him in secret prayer.

"We are building in sorrow or care
A temple the world may not see,
Which time cannot mar or destroy,
We build for Eternity."

Remember the writer when you pray.
Fort Scott, Kans.

Childrens Department.

WOODLAND, MICH., May 30th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—We have had cold and wet weather here lately. Our school will soon be out, and we are all going to speak pieces the last day of school. We have thirty-four scholars in our school. I will ask a question, what tower fell upon eighteen people and killed them?

Your friend,
ADA CLUM,

LANARK, ILL., June 15th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I want to write every month. Brother Livengood spoke to the children last Sunday. He had two pieces of money, and one was a counterfeit and the other was a good piece. Our Sunday school class is going to have a surprise on our teacher to morrow evening; we expect a good time. We had a very good children's meeting Sunday evening, we all enjoyed ourselves well.

ANNIE GRACE OVERCASH.

TO MASTER CLYDE STRICKLER,
CENTERVILLE, IOWA.

DEAR CHILD:—God wrote the first five books of the Bible, and the next five, and the next fifteen, and all the rest. But if you want to know who He employed as an Amanuensis I will say Moses, to write the first five, and other good men to write the other books. The Bible, remember is God's Book.

Affectionately yours,

JAMES L. SWITZER.

ASHLAND, O., June 9th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am nine years old. I belong to the Brethren church, was baptized on my birthday. I belong to the King's Children. We have such good meetings that we all like to go. We are going to have an entertainment the 17th of June. I will speak a piece. Let us be faithful children of King Jesus. How old was Noah when he died?

Your sister,

ETHEL MURRAY.

CRETE, NEB., June 10th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—Our school closed day before yesterday. Thursday we went out to a funeral. Mr. Monig's little girl fell off the cupboard and hurt her head which caused her death. It has been very dry but rained heavily Friday night. Some people grumble when ever things do not please them. Not very long ago our teacher told us a story of a woman who was the same way. When the birds were singing she thought they were only there to make her trouble.

Good bye,

CLARENCE ZOOK.

Tell us in your next Clarence, what prophet it was that prayed for rain.

WOODLAWN, MICH., June 7th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am well and hope my friends are the same. Our school was out one week from last Friday. I was not glad that it was out, but I have a lot of fun. I work out some days, and earn some money when I can. They are grading the roads this week. My papa got hurt last Wednesday when he was drawing logs and the doct thought it was broken.

Your friend,

MARION RUPE.

WOODLAND CENTER, MICH., May 24th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I will try to send another letter so you will not forget me. We have our corn planted and I don't go to town as often as I did. Our school is out and I go to prayer-meeting and read the lesson. I am trying to live right. I love to read the Children's letters. I would like to go to the King's Children society to see and learn what good there is in it. I hope you will get the college paid for and have a good school. I would like to go there to see it.

Good bye,

MARION RUPE.

A very good letter, Marion.

WATERLOO, IOWA, June 7th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—And she arose and walked about as if she had not been ill or dead. How kind Jesus is to those who love him. This ends the story of the ruler's daughter. It is very dry here. It hasn't rained for several weeks. In answer to Dessa Sayger's question, I think "and" is used 26,277 times in the Bible.

I will ask a question; Who was the oldest man?

Good bye,

EDITH LICHTY.

Can you tell why men don't live as long now as they did in olden times?

BELLEVILLE, KAN., June 5th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—We have no Brethren Sunday school around here now, but hope we will soon have one; for I would like to attend one very well. There is a G. B. church and Sunday school within three-quarters of a mile of our house. Mr. S. H. Bashor is my uncle. I am eleven years old. I have had a brother at college. I was very sorry for Homer. If this does not go to the waste basket I will write again.

J. HENRY B. WILLIAMS.

We are glad to form your acquaintance, Henry. Write again.

MORE EARNESTNESS.

An exchange makes some good remarks about earnestness in preaching:

The preacher was very earnest the other day. He had a solemn theme, and pressed it home feelingly and pungently. There was deep attention, and an almost oppressive stillness. The truth was working, first, in the minister's soul, and then among the people. Earnestness is more effective than elegant periods, sensational epigrams or oratorical flights. Burning truth—truth poured in red hot from a warm, intense, loving soul, moves an audience as nothing else can.

Regrets do not make redress.

The big talker is a little doer.

A very short man may be a tall liar.

Better to lead time than to be driven by it.

The loud talker is seldom a strong thinker.

A stingy soul is to be pitied for its littleness.